

A Little Gentleman.

She stood at the crowded crossing,
A woman crippled and old,
Whose thin and faded garments
A pitiful story told.
On her arm a basket of apples
That no one cared to buy.
"I must sell 'em or go hungry!"
She thought, with a weary sigh.

"Maybe if I'd cross over
I'd have better luck," she said;
But the crowded street before her
Filled her with thought of dread,
"Tain't safe for a poor old cripple,"
She said with another sigh,
"But I've got to take my apples
Where somebody wants to buy."

She paused by the curbstone, fearing
To trust herself in the tide
Of life that was coming and going.
"Deary me, it seemed so wide,
An' so many horses an' wagons,
I know I'll get hurt!" she said.
"An' if I got hurt—with a shiver—
'T'd a good deal better be dead."

"See that apple-woman, Tommy;
She's afraid to cross the street,"
Cried a boy who was going schoolward
To a friend he chanced to meet,
"She'll get scared and drop her basket
And there'll be no end of fun.
Hurry up, hurry up, old woman;
Grab your apple cart and run!"

"Hush," said the other, sternly,
And went to the woman's side,
"If you want to cross, I'll help you,
If you trust me for a guide.
Let me carry your basket for you;
Don't fear, but keep close to me,
And you'll soon be over safely,"
He told her cheerily.

With some one to guide her footsteps,
The crossing was quickly made,
"I knew I could trust you," she told him,
"So I didn't get afraid.
God bless you for your kindness
To a poor old thing like me,
If I knew your mother, I'd tell her
How proud she ought to be."

I fancy that this lad's mother
Must know of his kindly deeds,
And is glad that the boy she loves so
Takes thought of others' needs.
Such boys are the ones to trust in
For the men that must be had,
For the father of the true man
Is the true and manly lad.

—Golden Days.

How Elma's Sin Found Her Out.

BY IDA GRAY.

"I wish I had never thought of sending Elma that miserable composition. Now I suppose she's laughing in her sleeve, to think how far she has surpassed me. Why, this is better than our teacher can do; and Elma is only ten, no older than I am." "I don't see how she does it; but I suppose it must be a gift."

And Floy looked ruefully down at a crumpled sheet of paper which she held in her hand. Then with a comical mixture of surprise, mortification and admiration in her face, she folded it with a sigh, and placed it carefully between the leaves of the book which she had been reading, and tried to go on with her lessons. But that awful "composition" haunted her, and came so persistently between her and her lessons, that, at last, she gave up the attempt, and sat puzzling over it in the ruddy fire-light glow.

While she thus engaged, we will explain her perplexity to our little readers, first, in order to do so clearly, we will have to tell them something of her history.

In the first place Floy is a rosy, bright-eyed, brown-haired, little girl of ten; whose parents are very poor, too poor to buy her books and toys or any of the things which my little readers love—anything beyond the bare necessities of life. Yet all these adverse circumstances did not prevent Floy from studying, or make her believe that God did not require her to cultivate the talents he had given her, because her opportunities were not so good as others enjoyed. She had been so diligent, and careful, that now, child though she was, she held a high place in school. Her love of books was the ruling passion of her life; and she had already begun to practise writing stories, sketches, verses, etc., for herself, but that was a secret too sacred for any save mamma to know.

Secondly, Floy had a correspondent in the person of Elma Lee, a little cousin of her own age, who lived in a distant State. They wrote to each other regularly, every month. Their letters were real little journals, for they came full of bright bits of news, and "stories from real life," such as only ten year old girls can tell. Finally, there came to Floy one day a letter much shorter than usual, and yet it had more of interest for her, than any she had yet received, first, because of two lines it contained:

"Please excuse my short letter, Cousin Floy: I must finish my composition to read in school to-morrow." This set Floy to wondering what Elma's compositions were like, whether she wrote about all the beautiful things she loved, and if she was as fond of writing as herself. She thought over it a good deal, and at last con-

cluded she would write and ask Elma to send her one of her compositions. In order to be sure of getting it, she copied one of her own, neatly, and enclosed it with her letter, asking Elma to send one of hers in return. This done, she waited anxiously for Elma's reply. This evening the postboy had brought her the long-looked-for letter, which she received with glowing cheeks, and flew to the sitting-room to read. Hastily tearing it open she glanced at the letter first, long enough to see the words.

"Dear Cousin: I send you, with this letter, one of my last compositions, hoping it will please you."

Then she dropped it and began to read Elma's "composition." A look of intense surprise, and chagrin, came into her face, as she read; for it was a beautiful poem she held in her hand—one well worthy of a master's pen. Floy read it through, again and again. The letter was almost forgotten in her surprise. But she remembered, at last, and, picking it up, she read it through, and flung it down, a hurt, angry look coming into her face as she said:

"She doesn't even mention my verses, far less thank me for them; and Miss Foster said they were splendid. I am sure I did the best I could. Well, I will not stop trying."

"What is the trouble, Floy?" asked her mother, kindly.

"Nothing, only I was thinking of Elma's composition," said Floy.

"Always compositions; your compositions will run away with you, I am afraid," laughed Mrs. Melville. "But come, Floy, tell me about Elma's composition;" and Floy came and sat down by her mother's feet, and told her the whole story.

Mrs. Melville could not help laughing at her doleful face.

"Please don't laugh, mamma," she said, "it is so much better than mine, I feel ashamed to have her see them," and Floy held up the paper. Mrs. Melville read it through with a queer, doubting look on her face. When she had finished, Floy asked, "Is it not good mamma?" "Yes, my child," answered her mother, "but this is no child's work. Elma never did this any more than you did."

Floy looked up with a strange, shocked expression on her face. "Oh, mamma," she said, "how can you say so? She said it was her's. See here is her letter."

"That may be; and yet it is not her work."

"Why, mamma, she surely would not tell a falsehood about it, would she?" asked Floy, who was so truthful and honest herself, that she could not be easily led to believe another's guilt.

"I do not know, dear," replied her mother, "you must learn not to trust too blindly. I think Elma has deceived you; but her sin will find her out."

Floy, however, did not lose all faith in Elma's honor, and still grieved over her composition. About this time their letters became a little less frequent, as other duties crowded upon them. Still they did not forget, and wrote as often as they could. Thus a few years went by, and Floy and Elma were almost grown.

And now the event to which they had looked forward so long, in their childhood had come to pass, and Floy had gone for a long visit to Elma; for the Melville's were better off now. The two were fast friends, at once, and enjoyed themselves very much together. Elma sometimes wondered how Floy had managed "to pick up" such a good education, when "the Melville's were so poor," as she expressed it; while Floy sometimes wondered, vaguely, why Elma had given up writing, when she wrote so well in her childhood. Things went on smoothly, however, and the time of Floy's departure was now near at hand.

One morning, Mrs. Lee and Elma were very busy sweeping, dusting carpets, and "putting things to rights" about the house. The floor was strewn with all sorts of odds and ends, and bits of torn papers. Floy had kindly offered to help, and was sweeping out the lower hall, while Elma was working near at hand.

She was sweeping away busily, when a bit of paper fluttered out before the broom, and fell just in front of her. Floy noticed that it was a short poem, clipped from the pages of a leading magazine; and, true to her old habit, picked it up to read while she rested. There was something strangely familiar about the beautiful lines, though she could not tell what; but suddenly it all came back to her like a flash. This, then, was Elma's "composition," and her mind went back to that bitter day when she received it.

Her mother's words—"Elma has deceived you; but her sin will find her out"—came back to her. She waited a moment, and then said, carelessly:

"Elma, you remember your beautiful poem 'A Legend,' you sent me

long ago? Where did you have it published?" Elma looked surprised, but remembered herself in time to say: "It was not published. I did not send it away."

"But you wrote it, didn't you?" continued Floy.

"Of course I did," she said crossly, and an angry flush dyed her cheeks.

"Then whose is this? It is just like it"—holding up the paper before her.

Elma flushed guiltily; her own words condemned her, and she went out from Floy's presence without a word.

The next day Floy went home, with her faith in Elma's honor considerably shaken. Almost her mother's first words were: "Well, Floy, did you find Elma as honest and truthful as you expected?"

"No mamma," she answered; "her sin has found her out."

Floy and Elma were never fast friends again. Floy forgave her, but she dropped her correspondence, and never took her into her confidence again.

So you see that our sins will always find us out, even if they wait many years.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search'll find it out.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 6.)

No. 21.—Rare, are, re, e. Rear.

No. 22.—F E A T
E B R O
A R E A
T O A D

No. 23.—M
R O T
M O N E Y
T E A
Y

No. 24.—(1) New York. (2) Rio Janiero. (3) Cape Town. (4) Dublin. (5) Paris.

N. B.—Contributions respectfully solicited.

The Mystery.—No. 9.

No. 36.—HIDDEN PLACES.

(FROM "SNOWFLAKE," AVONPORT, N. S.)

1. Oh! I opened the box for you.
2. Please take the cork out of that bottle for me!
3. Can Ada get the mirror now?
4. Can't you do that puzzle? I can; so I will show you how.
5. As I am going away, I will not be there to-morrow!

No. 27.—BIBLE RIDDLES.

(FROM "GREELEY," JOHNSTON, QUEENS.)

1. Where have we an account of a barley-field being set on fire?
2. Where is "barber's razor" mentioned?
3. Where is "sheriff's" mentioned twice in one chapter?
4. Where is the expression: "Because they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes?"

No. 38.—DECAPITATIONS.

(FROM "BLUE JAY," JOHNSTON, QUEENS.)

My whole is an important country. Behead me, and I am what most people have, but none wants; behead again, and I am a Scottish article of speech; behead again, and I am an English part of speech; again and my last is found in newspapers.

No. 39.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "SNOWFLAKE," AVONPORT, N. S.)

B-e-s-d b-e-t-a
-o-e-h-n-h-a-e-o-t-e
-o-d.

No. 40.—WINDOW PUZZLE.

(FROM "GREELEY," JOHNSTON, QUEENS.)

1 * * * * * 4
* * * * *
* * * * *
2 * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
3 * * * * *

Perpendiculars, reading downward:

1. One sent by an Assyrian King with an army against Jerusalem. 2. A Bible King. 3. To trouble. 4. A hermit.

Horizontals, from left to right:—
1. A Biblical tribe of people. 2. Nearest on this side. 3. A dark colored mineral.

No. 41.—DROP LETTER.

(FROM "BLUE JAY," JOHNSTON, QUEENS.)

-e-h-s-a-s-e-e-e; a-d
-e-a-o-h-r-a-e-e-i-
c-f-o-.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

N. B. Puzzles, Solutions, Essays, etc., are respectfully solicited.

NEXT WEEK WE SHALL BEGIN THE BIBLE COMPETITION. Puzzlers attention!

"GREELEY," and "BLUE JAY," Johnston, Queens, have our heartfelt thanks for the nice batch of puzzles sent. We publish some of them this issue, and will be pleased to hear from you again in the near future. Send solutions to puzzles published from time to time, also.

LET US HEAR FROM MANY SOON!

Our Literary Circle.

Not any essays have been received since last writing. Dear young friends let us see that you are still interested in this feature of the COLUMN.

11th Subject: "Handsome is that handsome does."

Notes and Queries.

NOTES.

THE FIRST AIR-BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND.

The first voyage performed in an air-balloon in England was by Vincent Limardi, an Italian, who ascended from the Artillery Ground, in London, on the 13th of September, 1784—over 100 years ago. He was secretary to the Neapolitan ambassador, and the companion of his voyage was a cat.

The excitement created by the announcement of his intention was extraordinary; indeed, it may seem now hardly credible. Few people believed he would absolutely ascend, so desperate a venture was it considered.

On the day appointed, Moorfields became one mass of heads—heads were crowded thickly together below; heads filled every window, and covered every houstop. It seemed as if the entire population of London had turned out to witness this attempt. At the sessions house on Clerkenwell Green, says a magazine of that day, the court was sitting, and the prisoner was at the bar, when a man, putting his head in at the door, exclaimed, "He's up! he's up! he's off!" Instantly judge, jury, witnesses, lawyers, and spectators leaped from their seats, and made one simultaneous rush for the outer doors.

The deserted prisoner, availing himself of the opportunity, attempted, and very nearly succeeded in making his escape! A roaring mass of people filled Clerkenwell Green, mad with the excitement of seeing "a man in the clouds," and when Limardi dropped his flag of red oiled silk, a desperate battle ensued for its possession, in the course of which it was torn to fragments, which were carried off as precious relics of the wonderful event. It was said at the time that nothing short of an earthquake could have produced as much general excitement.

Limardi's machine was made of oiled silk, painted in alternate strips of blue and red, and its diameter was thirty-two feet. It had no value, and the inflammable air, produced from zinc by means of diluted sulphuric acid, was introduced through an aperture at its neck. He descended by the aid of oar-like wings to land the cat, which was almost dead with cold, and then pursued his voyage in safety, landing at Ware, in Hertfordshire.

DUTY.

This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

WAIT ON THE LORD:
BE OF GOOD COURAGE,
and
he shall strengthen thine heart:
WAIT, I SAY, ON THE LORD.

DON'T
let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

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Express for Sussex..... 13.30
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

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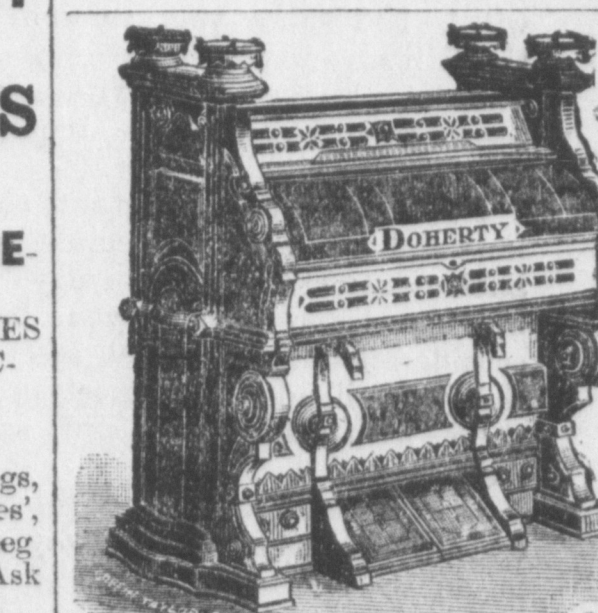
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